Went through the armie chearing vp the ſouldiers.
Kin. So I am ſatisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of ſpirit,
Nor cheare of mind that *I* was wont to haue:
Set it downe, *Is* ynke and paper readie?
Rat. *It* is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent,
And helpe to arme me: leaue me *I* ſay. *Exit Ratliffe.*
Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.
Dar. Fortune and victorie ſit on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy perſon, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. *I* by atturney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that, the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloodie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as *I* may, that which *I* would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide *I* may not bee too forward,
Leſt being ſeene, thy brother tender George,
Be executed in thy fathers ſight.
Farwell, the leiſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ſeremonious vows of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred frinds ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adue, be valiant and ſpeed well.
Rich. Good Lord conduct him to his regiment:
I'le ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When *I* ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whoſe captaine *I* account my ſelfe

Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauie fall,
The vſurping helmets of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victorie.
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere *I* let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill.
Enter the ghoſt of prince Ed. ſonne to Henry the ſixt.
Ghoſt to K. Ri. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morr
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth,
At *T*eukesbury: diſpaire therefore and die.
To Rich. Be cheereful Richmond, for the wronged ſo
Of butchred Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries iſſue Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the Ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.
Ghoſt to K. Ri. When *I* was mortall, my annointed bo
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the *T*ower, and me: diſpaire and die,
Harrie the ſixt bids thee diſpaire and die.
To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conquerour,
Harrie that propheſied thou ſhouldeſt be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe, liue and floriſh.
Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.
Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſoule to morrow,
I that was waſht to death with fulſome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betrayd to death:
*T*o morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſpaire and die.
To Rich. *T*hou offspring of the houſe of Lancaſter,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee.
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and floriſh.
Enter the Ghoſt of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.
Riu. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret, diſpaire and die.
Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie fea
Let fall thy launce, diſpaire and die.